

PALMER THOMPSON
HOLMES, NEW YORK

PATTERSON 2686

THE WHITE SHROUD
by
Palmer Thompson

CAST

MARK TRAIL

CHERRY DAVIS

SCOTTY

JOHNNY MALOTTE

FRANK WARNER

NARRATOR: As twilight comes to Lost Forest, the warm humid air, chilled by the approaching breath of night, slowly turns into a thick heavy, lowlying fog. Soon the forest and Mark Trail's lodge are lost in the silent blanket of white, that deadens all the sounds of the night. On the winding dirt road that leads to the lodge a car slowly feels its way through the white shroud. At the wheel is Mark Trail, beside him sits Scotty.

(CAR MOTOR SLOW)

SCOTTY: Boy, Mark. This is really thick.

MARK: Season for it, Scotty.

SCOTTY: I know, but I've never seen it this bad in Lost Forest before. Even the fog lights aren't much good.

MARK: Yeah. A little less conservation, Scotty. It's a job keeping to the road in this stuff.

SCOTTY: Sorry.

(HOLD CAR MOTOR, SLOWS DOWN EVEN MORE)

MARK: A patch of clear air.

(CAR A LITTLE FASTER)

SCOTTY: This is certainly hurrying back slowly.

MARK: Mnnn.

SCOTTY: I wonder what's up, Mark. Cherry's telegram was certainly urgent enough. Hurry back, blight on Lost Forest.

(CAR SLOWLER)

MARK: Scotty, please.

SCOTTY: Guess I jabber too much.

MARK: Agreed.

(CAR VERY SLOW)

SCOTTY: Maybe we ought to park until the fog clears.

MARK: That might take hours. Scotty roll down your window and keep your eyes on the side of the road.

SCOTTY: Okay, Mark.

(CAR WINDOW ROLLED DOWN)

MARK: You'll be able to see better without the glass fogging over in front of you.

SCOTTY: Right.

MARK: Make sure I stay out of the ditch on that side. I'll watch my side.

(CAR SLOW)

SCOTTY: A little more to the left, Mark. You're running close to the edge. Okay. (SCOTTY COUGHS)

(CAR SLOW)

SCOTTY: Hold her# straight, Mark.

MARK: Right. (~~SCOTTY COUGHS~~ MARK COUGHS)

SCOTTY: (COUGHS) Not much farther, Mark. Just saw that white stone marker you put by the side of the road a couple of months ago.

MARK: (COUGHS) Good. This kind of driving's a strain.

(CAR SLOW)

SCOTTY: (COUGHS)

MARK: (COUGHS) Sounds like we're getting soft with the night air making us cough so much.

SCOTTY: Yeah. Can't understand it. Little more to the left Mark, you're edging close to the side again.

MARK: Right.

SCOTTY: Look Mark, light from the lodge up ahead.

MARK: Good. I'll be glad to stop driving.

(CAR SLOW)

(CAR STOPS)

MARK: That's a relief. My eyes are pretty irritated from the strain of watching for the road.

SCOTTY: Glad you drove instead of me.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARK: Guess Cherry didn't hear us drive up.

(CAR DOOR CLOSSES)

SCOTTY: We were going pretty slow and low.

(FOOTSTEPS ON DIRT)

(FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH)

(SLIGHTLY OFF DOOR OPENS)

CHERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Mark, Scotty.

MARK: Hello, Cherry.

SCOTTY: Hi.

CHERRY: Johnny, thought he heard a car door open.

JOHNNY: Ees good to see you Mark.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

CHERRY: You shouldn't have driven out in this weather.

MARK: Your wire said to hurry back, Cherry.

CHERRY: Morning would have been time enough.

SCOTTY: We wanted to know all about this blight on Lost Forest you mentioned.

JOHNNY: Ah, she's one funny theeng, Scotty. I nevair run across anything like heem before.

MARK: Oh, what is the trouble?

JOHNNY: You come in the kitchen, Mark. I show you.

MARK: All right.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: Where's Professor Davis, Cherry.

CHERRY: Dad's asleep. I can wake him if you....

MARK: Don't be silly. I can see him tomorrow.

JOHNNY: Here, Mark see?

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JOHNNY: I tak limb from tree, grass from ground for sample for you.

MARK: Mnn.....brown splotches all over the leaves.

SCOTTY: And the grass. Some kind of vegetable disease.

CHERRY: That was our first thought to Scotty.

JOHNNY: Until I find thees in the field. Three field mice, two birds, a rabbit. They be all dead just like you see them here.

MARK: Brown spots on the fur and the feathers.

CHERRY: And the fish, Johnny. Show him them.

JOHNNY: Yes, over here in thees pail, Mark.

MARK: Trout and bass, dead.

JOHNNY: I find them floating belly up, in the old logging pond. the one with the cable stretched across heem. Ees no brown spots, but.....

MARK: Were there many dead?

CHERRY: The banks of the pond are lined with them.

SCOTTY: Gosh, Mark. Fish, animals, the trees.....

MARK: Hurry back was the right phrase to use in your telegram, Cherry.

CHERRY: Wait until you wake up in the morning and go outside. You'll see how many trees have been hit by it.

MARK: Well right now I want to find out what "it" is. Scotty will you get that small biochemical outfit from my study?

SCOTTY: Okay, Mark.

CHERRY: Are you going to work on the probelm tonight, Mark.

MARK: For a little while Cherry. Just some preliminary tests.

JOHNNY: Eees pretty late, Mark.

MARK: I know, but I won't be too lang. The rest of you better go to bed. I'd like to get an early start surveying the grounds tomorrow.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

(DOOR OPENS)

MARK: (OFF) SNORING GENTLY.

(FOOTSTEPS)

CHERRY: Mark. Mark.

MARK: Eh....uh.

CHERRY: MARK, wake up.

MARK: Oh, Cherry (YAWN)

CHERRY: After saying you wouldn't be long. You haven't been to bed all night.

MARK: Sorry, Cherry. Guess I just dozed off on the kitchen tabel here.

CHERRY: Did you leanr anything about those brown spots.

MARK: Think so, but I'm not sure. What time is it.

CHERRY: A little before eight. Scottyand Johnny should be down any minute.

MARK: Well I want to make a phone call or two, before we go out and look over the land.

CHERRY: F'll make breakfast while you're calling. What do you want?

MARK: A couple of bowls of cornflakes will do. That's quick and I want to make a land survey as soon as possible.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

SCOTTY: Gosh, Mark, look. Those brown spots all over.

MARK: Yes. Doesn't seem to be a tree that hasn't been hit.

JOHNNY: (OFF) See, Mark. over to the left. Bird on the ground a rabbit, dead.

CHERRY: It's this way every morning, Mark.

MARK: Every morning, or just after a heavy fog like we had last night.

CHERRY: Why, I don't know Mark.

JOHNNY: You theenk the fog she's got something to do weeth heem?

MARK: I'm not sure. Just asking.

SCOTTY: (OFF) Hey, Mark...up here the logging pond.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

SCOTTY: Look, down in the water.

MARK: Fish....floating belly up.

JOHNNY: MUST be thrity, forty of them.

CHERRY: Whatever it is it's ruining all of Lost Forest, Mark.

MARK: Yes, that pond won't be good for fishing for years.

SCOTTY: Want me to go down and get some of them, Mark.

MARK: Yes, Scotty. Johnny.

JOHNNY: What you want, Mark?

MARK: Circle the pond and get some leaf samples and grass from the other side.

JOHNNY: Sure theeng, but I take short cut. Use the old logging cable across the pond.

CHERRY: Careful, Johnny. ~~That~~^{THE} cable's pretty old and it's a forty foot drop.

MARK: Let him use it Cherry. He's just a big kid, loves to ride down that cabl~~le~~ on the pulley swing.

JOHNNY: I be right back, Mark.

(FOOTSTEPS OFF SLIGHTLY)

(PULLEY RATTLEING ON CABLE)

CHERRY: Mark, have you got any idea at all what's causing this.

MARK: Let's call it a suspision, Cherry.

CHERRY: Those phone calls you made, were they.....?

(SUDDEN TWANG OF PART OF CABEE WIRE
SNAPPING)

MARK: What.....!

CHERRY: Mark, look.....the cable it's snapping.

MARK: JOHnny!

(TWANG OF ANOTHER WIRE IN THE CABLE)

JOHNNY: (OFF) Is okay, Mark. I be adross in....

CHERRY: No, Johnny! The cable. It's snapping. Try to get back oryou'll be killed!

MUSIC: _ _ STING _

NARRATOR: Johnny Malotte, suspended by a thin strand of wire forty feet above a pool that's brought mysterious death to scores of fish. What will happen? We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trall.

(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and his friends are investigating a mysterious blight that's fallen on Lost Forest. Checking on an old logging pond that was a favorite fishing hole of Mark's, they found the pond filled with scores of dead fish. Wanting samples of the vegetation on the other side of the pond, Mark sent Johnny Malotte to get them. Johnny started across the pond on a pulley swing slung from an old cable that the logger~~##~~ used to cross the pond. As Johnny got half way across, forty feet above the poisonous pond, the cable started to snap.

(TWANG OF SNAPPING WIRE IN CABLE)

CHERRY: Johnny! Quick! Try and get back.

MARK: No, Johnny! Don't! You'll drop on the rocks.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Mark, what I.....!

MARK: Get out of that sling. Dive in the pond before the cable snaps and crushed you against the rocks on the other side!

JOHNNY: (OFF) Right, Mark. I do heem!

CHERRY: Mark! Look....there's only a couple of wires left in the cable.

(BIG TWANG OF SNAPPING CABLE)

MARK: There it goes!

CHERRY: Look! Johnny got out of the sling.

(WAY OFF BIG SPLASH IN WATER)

MARK: Come Cherry, let's get down to the banks of that pond, in case Johnny needs help.

MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE

(SPLASHING OF WATER AS JOHNNY WALKS OUT OF POND)

MARK: You all right, Johnny?

JOHNNY: (FADING ON) Yes, Mark....though I theenk for one minute I'm going I'm going to be meence meet against them rocks.

CHERRY: I told you that cable was old, Johnny.

JOHNNY: But why she break just now. She carry me many time before.

SCOTTY: Maybe you're getting fat, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Johnny Malotte, fat. That's beeg lie.

MARK: As long as you're all right, we won't worry about your weight.

JOHNNY: That water, though. She taste like vinager.

MARK: Vinager?

JOHNNY: Yes, real sour. She's something in there.

SCOTTY: That's obvious from the dead fish.

CHERRY: Mark, what.....

MARK: Just a minute, Cherry.....I want to take a look at that cable that snapped.

(FOOTSTEPS ON DIRT)

(CABLE DRAGGED ON DIRT)

MARK: Mnn.....yes.

CHERRY: What is it, Mark?

JOHNNY: You find sometheeing?

SCOTTY: Don't tell me the cable's been hit by whatever's been affecting the other things.

MARK: That's exactly right, Scotty.

SCOTTY: What?

CHERRY: But how.....

MARK: Look here. These pit marks all along the cable. And this end where it snapped. It's been eaten away.

JOHNNY: Eaten away?

SCOTTY: But only an acid could affect metal like that.

MARK: That's just what did it, Scotty. An acid. And that sour taste in the water, Johnny. You were swimming in a mild solution of acid, not strong enough to harm you, but strong enough to kill those fish.

CHERRY: The field mice, the leaves, those brown spots on them. Acid burns.

MARK: That's right, Cherry.

CHERRY: But who'd do a thing like that.

SCOTTY: And how could they do it? In fact the whole forest.

MARK: There's probably a lot larger area than just lost forest affected and I think we drove through the means of doing it last night. The fog.

JOHNNY: By gar, I don't understand heem, but fellow what do thees I take care of good.

MARK: It's not being done deliberatley, Johnny.

SCOTTY: You know why it's happening, Mark.

MARK: I've got a pretty good idea. There's a new chemical plant in operation over in Krogerville about forty miles from here.

CHERRY: I read something about that, Mark.

MARK: Those phone calls of mine confirmed it. If my guess is right that's the cause of this blight and we're going over there right now to confirm it.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(CAR MOTOR IN)

(CAR UP TO STOP)

MARK: Well, there it is.

SCOTTY: Gosh, it's a pretty big plant for a town the size of Krogerville.

CHERRY: Are they expecting us, Mark?

MARK: Yes. I phoned~~#~~ the presidents office before we left Lost Forest. His secretary gave me an appointment.

JOHNNY: By gar, Mark. I still don't understand. How place forty miles away can do theeng like what is happen in Lost Forest.

MARK: Those two tall chimmineys are the answer, Johnny.

JOHNNY: They sure smoke plenty.

CHERRY: I wouldn't like to be hanging out wash near them.

MARK: That smoke they'~~re~~ giving off contains a high percentage of sulphur.

JOHNNY: But I think in forty mile trip she should be pretty well disappear.

MARK: Nothing disappears from the earth, Johnny. What happens is that the sulphur particles in that smoke are caught up by the moisture in the air. They're carried along in clouds. Then when the clouds become heavy and settle on the ground as fog, it's really a mist of sulphuric acid vapor.

SCOTTY: That's probably why we wer coughing so last night.

MARK: Probably, Scotty.

JOHNNY: But how she burn in small dots. Why ees not thw whole forest brown?

MARK: Because the mist settles on the leaves in little droplets. Then in the morning when the ~~###~~ fog clears, the sun evaporates the moisture so that each droplet becomes a spot of concentrate sulphuric acid.

JOHNNY: What we have to do? Tell this place to go out of business.

MARK: Nothing as drastic as that, Johnny. Well just ask them to build a smoke trap on their chimminey's to remove the sulphur from the soot waste.

CHERRY: Think they'll do it?

MARK: Hope so. There's only one way to find out. Go in and ask.

JOHNNY: I go weeth you Mark.

MARK: All right, Johnny.

CHERRY: Then Scotty and I had better wait here. This company President Mr. Warner, might not like crowds.

MARK: Okay, Cherry. You two wait here and Johnny and I will give you a full report on what Mr. Warner says.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

MARK: (DIE IN) So you see Mr. Warner, that's what's happening in the wooded areas all around here. Your smoke refuse is contaminating them.

WARNER: Really.

JOHNNY: She's very bad. We could show you leaf, animal all dead or die from burn.

WARNER: And precisely what do you expect me to do?

MARK: A smoke trap constructed in the chimmineys would solve the problem simply.

WARNER: As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Trail. There## is no problem.

JOHNNY: But Mark he tell you all about the.....

MARK: Wait a minute, Johnny. Would you mind making that a little clearer, Mr. Warner.

WARNER: Not at all. I'm concerned with manufacturing chemicals and showing a profit on that manufacture, not with maintaining a happy hunting ground for loafers who have nothing to do but wander through the woods.

JOHNNY: Loafer!

MARK: Quiet, Johnny.

WARNER: To build a smoke trap would cost money which I have no intention of spending.

MARK: Not building it will ruin the natural resources of this area, the forests, the game. That forest is a watershed which holds the river around your plant from flooding this area.

WARNER: I'll worry about that when it happens.

MARK: Mr. Warner, the time to worry about our resources is when we got them, not after they've been ravished.

WARNER: Mr. Trail, speeches don't.....

MARK: Besides this condition is an immediate danger as well.

WARNER: Wouldn't that be hard to prove, Mr. Trail.

MARK: Look, Mr. Warner, there are a lot of predatory animals in these forest bears, wolves, pumas. They'll be affected by these acid burns, as well as the small animals. While they may not die, in their pain they could be a menace to life.

WARNER: Mr. Trail I've had enough of listening to fairy tales.

MARK: I can appeal to the state authorities to force you to build that smoke trap.

WARNER: Then appeal to them, though I doubt your success. This government is run by businessmen not naturalists.

MARK: Then as a businessman, Mr. Warner, can't you see that anything that affects our resources, eventually affects your, everybody's business.

WARNER: Good day, Mr. Trail.

JOHNNY: By gar, Mark. I don't like thees feller. I theenk I....

MARK: Never mind, Johnny. Come on. We'll appeal to the state conservation bureau.

WARNER: Do that.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

WARNER: Miss Wilson, Mr. Trail and Mr Malotte# are leaving. Make sure they find they're way out. And call the company car pool. Have them send a car around to pick me up. I'll be leaving in ten minutes myself.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

WARNER: Still here, Mr. Trail.

MARK: Good# bye, Mr. Warner. You'll be hearing from me, andthe conservation bureau.

WARNER: Perhaps, Good day, Mr. Trail.

MUSIC: _ _ _BRIDGE

CHERRY: He wouldn't do a thing, Mark?

MARK: No.

JOHNNY: Mark, he's to gentle. By gar you leave me alone with that feller he do plenty.

MARK: I'm sure, Johnny.

SCOTTY: What's our next move, Mark.

MARK: The conservation bureau, we'll call them right away.

CHERRY: There's a phone in that stationary store across the street, and I've got a purse full of change.

MARK: Let's call then.

JOHNNY: Scotty and me we wait here for you. I'm so mad I
bit phone off wall if I go near one now.

MARK: All right, Come on Cherry.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

SCOTTY: He was really nasty, eh, Johnny.

JOHNNY: I nevair talk to fellow like that. He look down his
nose like it was Empire State building.

SCOTTY: He must have been.....

JOHNNY: See...that car stop in front of plant. Going to pick
heem up now. I hope he.....(STOP)

SCOTTY: You hope he what, Johnny?

JOHNNY: That car. By gar. I wondatt.....

SCOTTY: Huh.

JOHNNY: How much I got. Five dollair...

SCOTTY: What are you counting your money for.

JOHNNY: Nevair mind, Scotty. How much you got?

SCOTTY: About five dollars, but....

JOHNNY: Geeve heem to me. I theenk ten dollar whe be
enough.

SCOTTY: For what? I don't

JOHNNY: Geeve heem to me, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Here, but....

JOHNNY: Tell, Mark I meet heem in Lost Forest.....

SCOTTY: But.....

JOHNNY: Maybe by then Mr. Warner change his mind weeth a
little help from me.

MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE~~

(CAR MOTOR IDLING)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

(CAR DOOR BENS AND CLOSES)

WARNER: Driver, take me to our plant in Towners, and step on it. I've got a board meeting at eleven-thirty.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Yes, sir.

(CAR STARTS)

MUSIC: _ _ _ SWALLOW

(CAR MOTOR SPEEDING ~~####~~)

(HOLD)

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

WARNER: A little slower, Driver. I want to read the financial section and.....hey.....This isn't the way to Towners.

JOHNNY: No, Mr. Warner. Eest des not.

WARNER: You!

JOHNNY: Yes. I theenk maybe Mark don't talk so good about Lost Forest. Is bettaff you seeff heem.

WARNER: This is an outrage. Let me out of this car.

JOHNNY: Eef you open the door, you can get out. Of course we are going sixty mile an hour now.

WARNER: You can't do this.

JOHNNY: Maybe not, but I do it. Now if you smart we sit back until we stop....In the middle of Lost Forest.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

MARK: (FADE ON) Get in the car, Scotty. We're going right donw to the state capitol.

SCOTTY: Mark.....

CHERRY: That phone call brought us an appoint with the conservation bureau right away.

SCOTTY: Mark....

MARK: Where's Johnny? We want to get started right away.

SCOTTY: Mark, I didn't know what he was going to do, that's why I gave him the five dollars.

MARK: Huh?

CHERRY: What are you talking about, Scotty?

SCOTTY: Johnny, he drove away with someone. I think it was Mr. Warner.

CHERRY: Mr. Warner!

MARK: Make sense, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Well a car drove up to that plant entrance over there. Johnny saw it, asked me for five dollars, then went over and gave it to the driver. The driver got out and Johnny got behind the wheel.

MARK: Oh, no.

CHERRY: Good heavens!

SCOTTY: I was going to run over to ask him what the idea was, when this man ~~DOUBLEDOWN~~ came out of the plant, got in the car and Johnny drove away.

MARK: He heard Warner order a car.

CHERRY: But why did he do it, Mark.

MARK: Because he's a thickhead wild eyed madman. He was talking about how Warner might change his mind if he could see the forest for himself.

CHERRY: You mean he's taking Warner to Lost Forest.

MARK: That's what I'm betting.

SCOTTY: Gosh, Mark...isn't that technically kidnapp.....

MARK: Don't even say it, Scotty. Come on, let's get in the car. We've got to try and save that lunkhead from his own folly.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(CAR COMES TO STOP ON DIRT ROAD)

(WOODLAND NOISES)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

JOHNNY: All right, Mr. Warner. We are here.

WARNER: I'm not getting out.

JOHNNY: No?

WARNER: And you can't make me.

JOHNNY: Mr. Warner, I'm nice feller, but when I get mad I can be very mean. I breeng you to Lost Forest you going to see heem.

WARNER: See here....

JOHNNY: Besides, I got key to car. If I leave she's going to be long walk in woods. Nine mile down this dirt road to paved road, and I don't theenk you lake to be alone. You remember what Mark he say about bear and wolf. (PAUSE) You come out now, Mr. Warner. We take little walk through woods.

WARNER: I don't seem to have much choice.

JOHNNY: That's right. You don't. So come on. Maybe when you see what you chimminey do to tree you change you mind about that smoke trap.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(CAR ON DIRT ROAD)

SCOTTY: Mark, there it is up there.

MARK: The car Johnny### drove away in?

SCOTTY: Yes.

~~MARK~~RY: You sure, Scotty?

SCOTTY: A green 51 Packard.

MARK: Well let's pick up Johnny's trail then....and pray that Warner hasn't had an attack of appoplexy before we catch up with them.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

JOHNNY: Well, Mr. Warner, what you think?

WARNER: I confess it does look rather.....well bad.

JOHNNY: Sure....every tree weeth them brown spots ees like she got the measles.

WARNER: Trail didn't exaggerate, but that still doesn't.....

JOHNNY: Look, over there....under that brush...rabbit dead.

WARNER: It does kill life.

JOHNNY: Mr. Warner....I theenk maybe you not such bad feller. Just sit too long in office, chase dollar, don't feel dirt under your feet.

WARNER: I haven't been in a forest like this since I was a boy.

JOHNNY: Oh, you not city feller?

WARNER: Born on a farm....seems like a hundred years ago right now.

JOHNNY: Then you have fish some time. You know the thrill that race up your arm when big trout strike...and you fight heem.

WARNER: I knew it. Once.

JOHNNY: Wait, I show you pool. You see what you chiminey do to fish. Thees way.

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

(FOOTSTEPS SLOW)

WARNER: What happened here?

JOHNNY: I don't know.

WARNER: Looks like the whole area has been torn apart
by a monster.

JOHNNY: Some animal fight I theenk....but I nevair see spoor
like thees in lost forest before.

WARNER: Spoor?

JOHNNY: Trace animal leave.

(OFF, LOW COUGAR GROWL)

WARNER: What's that?

JOHNNY: Sound like cougar.

WARNER: Let's get out.....

JOHNNY: Cougar be more afraid of man, than we be of heem,
he go.....

(COUGAR SNARL)

WARNER: Over there. Under that bush.

JOHNNY: By gar! He must be crazy. He going to charge.

(COUGAR SNARL)

(COUGAR RIPS THROUGH UNDER BRUSH)

JOHNNY: Look out, Mr. Warner. That animal mad from something.

WARNER: No. Don't try to stop him. He'll kill you, Malotte,
he'll kill you.

(ROAR OF COUGAR)

(FIGHT IN UND BRUSH)

MUSIC: ~~TO~~ BRIDGE TO COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Johnny Malotte locked in mortal combat with a crazed
cougar. Will Mark reach him in time to help?
WE'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark
Trail. (COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Johnny Malotte has unthinkingly Abducted Frank Warner, president of the chemical company whose smoke refuse has been polluting lost forest. Johnny brought Warner to lost Forest to show him at first hand what his plant was doing to the natural resources of the area. Mark, realizing the charges that could be brought against Johnny, has followed him back to Lost Forest in the hope that he can save Johnny from his own folly. Mark, Scotty and Cherry are following Johnny's trail through the forest.

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

MARK: They can't be too far ahead, I hope.

SCOTTY: Look at these footsteps Mark. Warner seems to be going along willingly enough. There's no signs of a struggle.

CHERRY: Not even Johnny would be mad enough to fight with the man.

MARK: Don't be too sure, Cherry. Johnny can be an awful screwball when he wants to.

SCOTTY: This is the example.

CHERRY: I hope Warner has.....

(WAY OFF FIGHT IN UNDERBRUSH)

SCOTTY: What's that?

MARK: Sounds like a fight.

CHERRY: Oh, no Johnny.

MARK: Come on.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

(FADE ON COUGAR FIGHT SOUNDS)

MARK: Mr. Warner...

WARNER: Trail! Help him. He'll be torn to pieces.

CHERRY: Mark, look....a cougar.

SCOTTY: Johnny's fighting him barehanded.

MARK: Quick Scotty your hunting knife. Give it to me.

CHERRY: Mark.

SCOTTY: Here.

CHERRY: Don't Mark you'll....

SCOTTY: Get back, Cherry.

(BIG FIGHT SOUND^B)

SCOTTY: He's on the cougar's back.

WARNER: What courage! I've never seen....

CHERRY: Mark, the claws....watch them he'll....

(COUGAR SCREAMS)

SCOTTY: He used the knife.

CHERRY: Don't take any chances, Mark. Again.

(COUGAR SCREAMS)

(BODY FALL)

SCOTTY: The cougar's dead.

WARNER: Wonderful.

CHERRY: Mark are you hurt!

MARK: No, but Johnny....

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu! Just scratch a bit. I nevair.....

MARK: What happened, Johnny...

JOHNNY: ##### He attack man. First time I evair see or hear
of cougar do that in my whole life.

CHERRY: Johnny, you're bleeding, let me....

JOHNNY: Is just scratch. Not deep.

SCOTTY: Better not take any chances, Johnny.

WARNER: Malotte, I owe my life to you.

JOHNNY: Ees not too true, Mr. Warner. If I don't bring you out here, this don't happen.

MARK: (SLIGHTLY ~~OFF~~) Maybe not to you two, but it would have happened to somebody.

CHERRY: Why, Mark?

MARK: Look at the animals eyes and nostrils....acid burns
He was crazy with pain.

WARNER: Acid burns?

MARK: Yes, that's why he broke his natural pattern of fleeing from man. Mr. Warner, I intend to apologize for Johnny's foolish action in abducting you, but I'm glad you saw this.

WARNER: No apology's necessary from you. I'm the one who should make the aplogy's. Malottes shown me something of what a shortsighted fool I've been.

SCOTTY: Then you're going to build the smoke trap.

WARNER: I am son. I wouldn't WANT THE DESECRATION of a beautiful spot like this on my conscience.

CHERRY: Maybe Johnny wasn't so foolish.

JOHNNY: Johnny Malotte is nevair foolish.

MARK: This happened to work out all right, but that remark is open to debate.

JOHNNY: One thing, Mark, I wish you don't ~~jump~~ in on the fight so quick.

MARK: What?

JOHNNY: Sure, I could maybe have keel him with my bare hand.

CHERRY: Oh, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Think of what wonderful story I have to tell then. Johnny Malotte kill cougar with bare hand.

MARK: Don't worry about it, Johnny. Because if I know you, that's

MARK: (CONTINUED) exactly the story you'll tell.

MUSIC: _ _ _CURTAIN_